

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 22.

Boston, April, 1890.

No. 11.



"WHO PROPOSES THIS BILL?"

(Kindly loaned us by "The Boston Globe.")

## FOUR DAYS AT THE STATE HOUSE.

Many times in past years I have been called up to the State House to do battle for the dogs, and in every battle thus far, the dogs have been fortunate.

But the present winter it would seem as though all their enemies throughout the Com-

monwealth, taking advantage of a hydrophobia scare, have combined to do them injury.

*A Bill has been presented requiring all the dogs of the Commonwealth to wear muzzles the year round.—Also petitions that they be kept tied up or confined to their owner's premises.—Also that all owners of dogs be required to*

*give bonds with sureties to pay damages.*

Out of the many arguments which have been urged to obtain these laws the principal have been *first hydrophobia, and second the protection of sheep.*

During two days the joint committee on Agriculture of the Senate and House have listened to the arguments of the advocates of these laws, and during two succeeding days—in the largest committee rooms of the State House, packed with deeply interested audiences—they have listened to the arguments of the remonstrants.

It has fallen to my lot to occupy so much time on both days that I can only give a condensed abstract.

On the first day I showed that in the City of Boston, which contains nearly one-quarter of the population of the whole State, *there have been during the past forty years only seven deaths reported as being of hydrophobia, and that it was very doubtful whether a single one of these cases was reported by a physician of any eminence in his profession.*

I put in evidence various hospital, State Medical Association and eminent Physicians' reports, showing that cases of hydrophobia are so extremely rare as to make it *fairly an open question whether it be anything more than a disease of the imagination.* I also put in a report of the great hydrophobia scare at Glasgow a few years ago, where *out of hundreds bitten by so-called mad dogs only three died, and the statement*

of Dr. McLeod, Professor of Surgery in the Glasgow University, and one of the most eminent surgeons of the world, that he would not fear the bite even of a mad dog, through clothing, because the dog's teeth would be cleansed by the cloth.

On the protection of sheep by the use of shepherd dogs, bells, and otherwise, I submitted a printed argument.

In regard to the suffering of sheep killed by dogs, I thought the experience of soldiers in battle, and of hunters who have been seized and severely bitten by wild animals, shows that animals killed by other animals suffer less than when shipped to and killed in slaughter houses.

On the second day I put in evidence a report of our State Board of Health that in the past seven years, from 1881 to 1889, there have been in Massachusetts 35,317 deaths by consumption, 21,991 deaths by pneumonia, 7,938 deaths by diphtheria, and only two deaths by (so-called) hydrophobia.

On the question of sheep raising I put in evidence that eighteen of our largest sheep raising States have no tax whatever upon dogs, every man having the right to keep as many as he wants—that no other State or Territory taxes its dogs so heavily as Massachusetts—and that when Massachusetts had no law to tax dogs she had ten times as many sheep as now. I endeavored to show the committee the wickedness, cruelty and folly of attempting to muzzle or tie up all the dogs of the State, thus preventing them from saving life or protecting the farmer's family from outrage and his crops from vermin. I showed that sick dogs would be thus prevented from finding and eating those grasses and other things which are essential to their health, and that if anything would make a dog mad it would be to keep him constantly muzzled, or tied on his owner's premises. While I did not know where dogs go when they die, still if such laws were to be enacted I thought they had better be killed, for I did not believe they would go to a worse place than Massachusetts.

I then stated to the committee that, while through the generous contributions of our citizens and the kindness of our Legislature, our State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had sent out millions of copies of humane publications over this whole country and, to some extent, translated into foreign languages, over Europe—had succeeded in having formed over seven thousand branches of our Parent American Band of Mercy in every State and every Territory but Alaska, and had obtained from our Legislature an act to incorporate our American Humane Education Society with power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation, and through that Society we were sending our monthly paper each month to every editor in North America north of Mexico, and our humane literature over this whole continent, and had begun the employment of missionaries to found humane societies—yet we had probably the worst dog laws in the world.—laws which, by taxing the female dog \$5 and the male only \$2, compel the destruction every year of a large part of our female dogs, a measure which, if it does not cause hydrophobia, ought to, as a judgment upon us, for permitting such a law to stand.—laws which compel the dog owner to pay to any tramp, thief, or burglar who chooses to swear that he has been bitten, not actual damages, but double damages.

I endeavored to show the folly of requiring from dog owners a bond with sureties, which would compel poor men to kill their dogs, and might involve the killing of rich men's dogs also.

In conclusion I prayed the committee to enact the following law:

Be it enacted:

Section 1st. The tax on female dogs shall be the same as on male dogs, \$2.00.

Section 2nd. Dog owners shall be liable for actual damages done by their dogs, and not for double damages as heretofore.

Section 3rd. The Selectmen of towns shall have power to exempt from the dog tax, all shepherd dogs, all dogs that have saved human life, and all other dogs that they may think it to be

for the interest of their respective towns to have exempted.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

From "The Boston Post's" report of the above hearing we cut the following:

Dr. R. K. Noyes of the City Hospital, who was the next speaker, characterized the proposed bill as cruel and injurious. "Fear," he said, "is a potent factor in the causation of diseases. Fear of insanity has dethroned the reason; fear of being bewitched has developed psychical and physical phenomena extraordinary enough to get people hanged. Fear of snakes, plus the juice of corn, minus nerve force, makes some men act as if a snake had them within its coils. Fear of ghosts, plus a knowledge of what ghosts are supposed to be like, plus a boy covered with a sheet from head to foot, causes a little girl to have cerebro-spinal meningitis and death, with all the symptoms said to characterize disease termed hydrophobia. Fear of being rejected as a suitor, plus emotional excitement, plus psychical and physical idiosyncrasy, causes a man to have tetanic convulsions and lockjaw, involuntary jactations of the muscular system and death in great agony, with the whole category of symptoms which, had he been bitten by a dog instead of smitten by love, would have been called and characterized as symptoms of the alleged disease of rabies. Fear of anything will produce convulsions, and fear of the alleged disease hydrophobia, plus a morbid, imaginative, hyper-sensitive or undeveloped brain, plus a punctured tooth wound, may cause a list of symptoms similar to those produced by other causes, and if accompanied by death, do not denote in their essential nature anything specific. Hydrophobia is a misnomer. It signifies dread of water. Now, as a fact, sick and enfevered dogs or human beings do not dread water. On the contrary, they are very thirsty and show great eagerness to get water. In cases of alleged hydrophobia, in which convulsive muscular actions are provoked by sight of water, it is not the dread of water which causes them, but it is the uncontrollable eagerness for water. In chorea, ideopathic tetanus, lock-jaw and acute mania, convulsions are caused, not by the sight of water, but by the uncontrollable desire to obtain it. That there is a specific entity or influence which can go from a sick or insane dog to man, and cause a convulsive or agonizing death, is too absurd for a moment's consideration by any scientific physician or surgeon."

From the Boston Evening Transcript I cut the following:

#### THAT TERRIBLE DISEASE.

To the Editor of the Transcript: Dr. Abbott, secretary of the board, writes me that the records of the Massachusetts State Board of Health show that in the past seven years—from 1881 to 1889—there have been in Massachusetts—

35,317 deaths by consumption.

21,991 deaths by pneumonia.

7,938 deaths by diphtheria.

2 deaths by hydrophobia.

Or, in other words, from 1881 to 1889, there have been in Massachusetts 65,246 deaths by consumption, pneumonia and diphtheria; two by hydrophobia.

Is it any wonder that so many eminent physicians say that the cases are so extremely rare as make it fairly an open question whether there be any such disease.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Boston Evening Transcript, March 4, 1890.

#### GOOD NEWS.

The evening papers of March 11, and the morning papers of March 12, congratulate the dogs of Massachusetts on the result of the four days' battle at the State House.

The Committee of Senate and House on Agriculture reported Tuesday, March 11, adversely on the petition for more stringent legislation concerning the licensing and proper care of dogs; also on requiring all dogs running at large to be muzzled; also on further legislation for the better protection of sheep against dogs; also on increasing the tax on dogs; also on providing that all dogs running at

large shall be muzzled, and, if unmuzzled, shall be killed.

Let every dog in Massachusetts now wag his tail and express his thanks to the Committee on Agriculture for this most righteous decision.

And now good friends, go one step farther, and by enacting the following brief law, leave Massachusetts without one blot on her fair fame for humanity to the lower creatures.

Be it enacted, &c.:

SECTION 1st. The tax on female dogs shall be the same as on male dogs, \$2.

SECTION 2nd. Dog owners shall be liable for actual damages done by their dogs and not for double damages as heretofore.

SECTION 3rd. The Selectmen of towns shall have power to exempt from the dog tax, all shepherd dogs, all dogs that have saved human life, and all other dogs that they may think it to be for the interest of their respective towns to have exempted.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### THE INHUMANITY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS DOG TAX.

In the annual report of Nahant just handed me, I find there are but two female dogs in the whole town.

The law which taxes the female \$5, and the male \$2, is in reality a sentence to certain death of a large proportion of the most useful and affectionate dogs that are so unfortunate as to be born in Massachusetts, while in eighteen of the great agricultural, sheep-raising States and Territories there is no dog tax at all.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### PROFESSORS ROUGHLY HANDLED.

TWENTY KALAMAZOO STUDENTS BIND INSTRUCTORS HAND AND FOOT.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., March 3, 1890. Last Saturday night 20 masked students of Kalamazoo College took Profs. Perry and Trowbridge from their beds, bound them hand and foot, and left them in an open field two miles from the college. The matter is being investigated. Trowbridge and Perry have made enemies in the classroom, and this outrage is the result.—Boston Herald, March 4, 1890.

#### FIGHT AMONG COLLEGE BOYS.

ST. PAUL, MINN., March 4. Hamline University is in a fever of excitement over a war among the students. Saturday evening the freshmen, who are the strongest class in the institution, were giving an annual reception and banquet to the junior class, with which they affiliate, and the sophomores stole the viands. The vandals then adjourned to another building where, in a few minutes, they were attacked by the freshmen. A door was burst open and a free fight ensued, in which many heads were bruised. Fred Reeves fell down a stairway and broke his ankle. The faculty have the matter under investigation.—Transcript, March 4, 1890.

We are making an effort through our American Humane Education Society to reach our college students.





Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over seven thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over five hundred thousand members.

#### PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "*Band of Mercy*" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "*Band*" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1. Our monthly paper, "*OUR DUMB ANIMALS*," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Copy of *Band of Mercy Songs*.
3. *Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*, containing many anecdotes.
4. *Eight Humane Leaflets*, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
5. *For the President*, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance Associations* and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

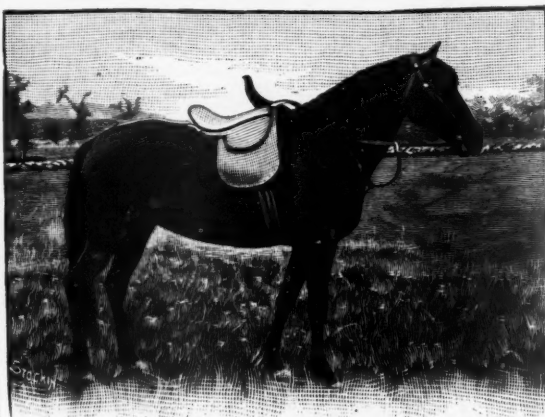
Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "*Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The *Humane Leaflets* cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

#### A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



"BLACK BEAUTY."

#### THE "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" OF THE HORSE.

It is the autobiography of an English horse, telling of kind masters and cruel — of happiness and of suffering. *I am glad to say that happiness predominates and finally triumphs.*

It contains two hundred and fifty-eight beautifully printed pages.

Over ninety thousand copies have been already sold in England.

Through the kind gifts of friends I am enabled to pay \$265 for having it stereotyped, and through the kindness of another friend am enabled to print a first edition of ten thousand, at the marvellously low price of twelve cents each—to which must be added, when sent by mail, eight cents for postage, &c.

As I have said, over ninety thousand copies have been already sold in England.

I want to print immediately a hundred thousand copies.

I want the power to give away thousands of these to drivers of horses—and in public schools—and elsewhere.

I want to send a copy postpaid to the editors of each of about thirteen thousand American newspapers and magazines.

I would be glad to have each reader of this paper, who has ever loved or cared for a horse, send me as large a check as he or she can afford, to be used in the distribution of this book.

Every such check will be acknowledged in "*Our Dumb Animals*" and at once passed into the treasury of our "*American Humane Education Society*" and be promptly used for the purpose for which it is sent.

I would be glad, if I had the means, to put a copy of it in every home in America, for I am sure there has never been a book printed in any language the reading of which will be more likely to inspire love and kind care for these dumb servants and friends who toil and die in our service. I hope to live long enough

to print and distribute a million copies.

THE TITLE OF THE BOOK IS "BLACK BEAUTY, —HIS GROOMS AND COMPANIONS."

BOSTON, March, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

#### TO THE LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

On a Lord's-day of last Fall the grounds of Mr. Edward Cunningham, an aged gentleman of Milton, Mass., were invaded by a gang of hoodlums with guns, who began firing at a mark.

Mr. Cunningham, accompanied by his faithful dog, went out and requested them to leave.

They laughed at and insulted him.

The dog doubtless endeavored to protect his aged master.

They shot the dog, and then shot and killed Mr. Cunningham.

On examination of the laws of Massachusetts relating to trespass, I found them very defective, and drafted and caused to be presented to your honorable body a petition of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" for more effective laws.

The first hearing on this petition was on March 21st, before the Committee on Agriculture, and I was then requested by the Committee to draft an act which is to be presented at another hearing.

As before the issue of the next "*Our Dumb Animals*" it may come before you for enactment, I wish here to call the attention of members to the very great importance of increased protection to the land-owners of this Commonwealth.

One of the Committee at the hearing related an incident occurring in his town, where hoodlums went onto the land of an aged gentleman, and when requested to leave seized him, and, declaring they were going to baptize him, plunged him several times under water, and came near drowning him.

We are trying with our "*Bands of Mercy*" and otherwise to make the younger hoodlums of the State into good and law-abiding citizens; but for the hoodlums already grown there is but one remedy, and that is the strong arm of a law they will be afraid to violate.

They must be taught that it is safer and better to spend their spare time in trying to earn lands of their own, than in roaming over and committing outrages upon the lands of others.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, April, 1890.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *one hundred and nineteen new branches* of our "*Parent Band of Mercy*," making a total of *seven thousand six hundred and sixteen*.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

With the aid of our *American Humane Education Society*, we send this paper to all the editors of America, north of Mexico.

## THE SPARROW.

As the readers of this paper know, a bill has been offered our Massachusetts Legislature (1st) to make it a criminal offence to feed a sparrow, and (2nd) to offer a bounty for dead sparrows.

We appeared at the hearing and suggested that the first clause would make *half the little girls in Boston criminals*, and the second would make the towns about our cities to swarm with hoodlums who would over-run other people's lands with poison and shot-guns, destroying every bird they find and endangering both human and animal life.

We sent to each of the about 300 members of our Legislature an envelope containing our plea for the sparrow born in this country and as *truly American* as any of us—the sparrow whose ancestors have lived thousands of years in the old world—who has kept our city streets and parks free from canker worms ever since he came here—who during a portion of the year helps himself to his share of our crops, and during the rest acts as a public scavenger—the sparrow who stays with us the year round—the sparrow who never drove away other birds, unless they tried in the spring to get into the bird house he had been occupying with his family all winter.

It is our opinion that the Almighty made no mistake when he created the sparrow—that the sparrow does more good than harm—that we can raise food enough in America to supply both the sparrows and ourselves—and that if in any locality they become too numerous, it would be much better to entrust their destruction to the persons whose crops they injure, or to some judicious, humane man in each town, than to call in the hoodlums.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are pained to note the death of Matthew J. Mullaney, who for more than ten years has been a most earnest, fearless, and tireless agent of this Society in Waltham.

REPORT OF CHARLES A. CURRIER, CHIEF PROSECUTING  
AGENT OF MASS. SOCIETY P. C. A., OF COM-  
PLAINTS INVESTIGATED FROM MARCH  
1, 1889, TO MARCH 1, 1890.

	By three Office Agents.	By Country Agents.	Total.		By three Office Agents.	By Country Agents.	Total.
For Beating,	269	237	506	Remedied with-			
Overworking,	162	145	307	out prosecu-			
Overdriving,	48	144	192	tion, - - -	784	1634	2418
Driving when				Warned, - -	751	-	751
lame or				Not substanti-			
galled, - -	601	526	1127	ated, - - -	373	35	408
Non-feeding				Not found, -	150	-	150
and non-				Anonymous, -	78	-	78
sheltering,	263	131	394	Prosecuted, -	126	125	251
Abandoning,	27	43	70				
Torturing, -	166	40	206	Total, - - -	2265	1814	4079
Driving when							
diseased, -	99	80	179	Convicted, -	103	103	211
Cruelly trans-				Acquitted, -	18	19	37
porting, - -	26	7	33	Pending trial,	-	3	3
General cru-							
elty, - - -	604	461	1065	Total, - - -	126	125	251
Total,	2265	1814	4079	Animals killed,	647	424	1071
Animals tak-							
en from							
work, - - -	356	545	901				

Total number of cases investigated by Society agents from April, 1868, to March 1, 1890: 65,125; tried and convicted in court, 3,396.

The following are a few specimen cases which, in addition to the ordinary list of prosecutions, received attention during the year:—

1. For severely kicking a dog, an offender was fined \$20 and costs. For a similar offence, a second was fined \$10 and costs.

2. For pulling six inches off the tongue of a horse, a saloon-keeper paid fine of \$100 and costs. The driver of the horse was fined \$50 and costs.

3. For shooting a robin, a lad paid fine of \$10 and costs.

4. For non-feeding and non-sheltering their live stock, various farmers paid fines varying from \$25 to \$50, with costs.

5. For striking a horse with an iron "clinch cutter," a blacksmith was fined \$10 and costs.

6. For injecting turpentine into a dog, a brute paid \$10 and costs. For scalding a dog, another paid fine of \$5 and costs. For pouring kerosene oil on a dog, then igniting it, burning him so he died, a third paid fine of \$50 and costs. A fourth, who drowned a dog in a cruel manner, was convicted and paid costs.

7. For overloading and for overdriving horses, various parties were fined in sums varying from \$5 to \$25 and costs.

8. For driving a sick horse, a farmer paid fine of \$15 and costs.

9. For torturing a rat, caught by the leg in the jaws of a steel trap, by hanging him out of a window, the offender was fined \$35 and costs (in Municipal Court, Boston).

10. For beating a cow, a farmer was fined \$15 and costs. Another, who tied the heads of two cows down to their fore feet, keeping them for a long time in a painful position (to prevent jumping), was fined \$10 and costs in each case. A third, who neglected a sick cow, fined \$20 and costs. A fourth, who incited a dog to chase and bite a cow, fined \$5 and costs. A fifth, who drove a lame cow a long distance, fined \$10 and costs.

11. For inciting a dog to fight, one person was fined \$25 and costs. Two others, for being present, paid fines of \$10 and costs each.

12. For severely kicking his horse, a teamster paid fine of \$25 and costs. For building a bonfire under an alleged balky horse, another paid fine of \$20 and costs. One who prodded his horse with a knife went to jail for three months. A pedler, who used a butcher knife for a like purpose, was fined \$15 and costs. Two lads, who put a cord on to the jaw of their horse, severely torturing him, paid fines of \$5 and costs each. Two others, for pelting a horse with stones, paid a like fine. For dragging a horse on the ground, a teamster was fined \$15 and costs. For beating with a fork handle,

another paid fine of \$10 and costs. For abandoning a sick horse, a jockey paid fine of \$20 and costs. Another person paid fine of \$10 and costs.

13. A trader who abandoned a sick cow to die, paid fine of \$50 and costs.

14. For maliciously shooting and maiming dogs, three persons paid fines of \$5 and costs each.

15. For driving a badly galled horse, an expressman paid fine of \$25 and costs. For driving a horse with a broken leg, another paid fine of \$50 and costs. Four ice-cart men, who clubbed a horse to death with a cart-stake, each paid fines of \$20 and costs.

16. For throwing a cat 30 feet in the air, letting her fall to the ground, a brute served out in jail a fine of \$10 and costs. For saturating a quantity of hay in a barrel with kerosene, then igniting it, and throwing into it two cats, who burned to death, another paid fine of \$30 and costs. For shooting and maiming a cat, an offender was fined \$10 and costs. Two men, for being present at an exhibition of two cats fighting, were fined \$10 and costs each.

## THE MASS. SOCIETY P. C. CHILDREN

makes a good showing in its Annual Report—1090 new cases investigated—511 old re-investigated, involving over 4,000 children—Receipts over \$32,000—Expenses over \$12,000—Investments \$15,000—and in bank a balance of over \$6,000. The Report says that greater interest is felt in protecting animals than children, and that in one of the Middle States cruelty to a dog may be punished by fine of \$200 and imprisonment, but to a child only \$50.

We answer that in Massachusetts any man has the right to kill his dog. No man has the right to kill his child.

We have never heard of any State where vivisection is practised on children, but we are afraid that in many States it is practised the year round on dogs.

Through the numerous Roman Catholic and Protestant societies, probably a hundred thousand dollars is expended every year, in Boston alone, for the prevention of cruelty to children, for every one-tenth of that sum expended in the whole State of Massachusetts for the prevention of cruelty to God's lower creatures.

For every wrong inflicted upon animals that can speak, a hundred and probably a thousand are inflicted upon animals that cannot.

No, no, good friends, your society is a useful one, worthy of being sustained, but don't try to get the humane people of Massachusetts to give less than now for the protection of dumb animals. On the other hand, help us urge them to give more largely to the humane education we are trying to carry over this whole country, upon which depends not only the prosperity of all our humane societies, but also the life of the nation.

From Report of Ottawa, Canada, Women's Humane Society:

The question is sometimes asked, "*Would it not be better for the society to devote its time and means to poor and afflicted persons, and to children?*" This reply can be given: *Man is only one out of about 320,000 kinds of living creatures that God has created in this world; and while in the city of Ottawa alone there are so many organizations supported, by private benevolence, for the protection of human beings, there are only two societies, with meagre support and little sympathy, for the protection of dumb animals.*

A Wretched Horse was found recently in a Dorchester barn. Our officers arrested the owner, who said he fed the horse regularly, and he was acquitted.

A bright woman fastened a thread to the barn door. For two days it was not broken. Our officers arrested the wretch again, and this time he was fined \$40.



## FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

March, 1890.

The American Humane Education Society was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts one year ago, viz., March, 1889, with power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation.

Its President gave to its permanent fund property valued at over three thousand dollars, and in its first year it has received donations and memberships from humane people in various States, and interest on the same, to the amount of nine thousand and ninety-one dollars and fifty cents.

It immediately began work on a large scale by sending "Our Dumb Animals" monthly to the editors of some thirteen thousand newspapers and other publications, including all in North America north of Mexico.

It offered a prize of three hundred dollars to all American editors for the best essay on the effect of humane education on the prevention of crime, and sent to all American editors condensed information on the subject. This prize was won by Mr. Nicholas P. Gilman, editor of "The Literary World."

It employed Mr. Chas. S. Hubbard, a warm-hearted and energetic member of the "Society of Friends," as missionary, and through his efforts has already founded in Western States fourteen new Humane Societies and four hundred and sixty-six new Bands of Mercy.

It has distributed over the country a vast amount of humane literature.

It is now negotiating for another missionary to work in the Southern States.

It has undertaken the American publication of the most interesting and useful book ever written for the protection of the horse, of which over ninety thousand copies have been already sold in England. It proposes to give away many thousands of copies, and sell all the rest at less than the cost of printing its two hundred and fifty beautifully printed pages, namely, twelve cents per copy.

It proposes, as soon as it can get the means, to present a copy of this book to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in America, and secure for it, if possible, a circulation of millions.

Other plans are waiting the receipt of funds sufficient to warrant their undertaking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

## OUR MISSIONARY OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Mr. Charles S. Hubbard, our missionary at the West, sends a most satisfactory report of what he has accomplished in the past six months, viz., fourteen humane societies, and four hundred and sixty-six Bands of Mercy formed, in the States of Iowa, Illinois, and Indiana—a large number of public addresses, and a large amount of humane literature distributed. We wish we had fifty more just such missionaries and money to support them.

## "BLACK BEAUTY."

The advance orders for "Black Beauty" have been so large that we have been compelled to order printed at once another ten thousand copies.

If we are not mistaken we are to have a demand for more than a million copies. They cost 12 cents per copy at our offices, and twenty cents when sent by mail. The book contains 258 large print pages.

## A LETTER THAT CHEERS.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, March 11, 1890.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL,  
Very much Esteemed Friend: I have just been glancing over your charming paper, and notice the mention of the book written by Anna Sewall, and write to ask the favor to send me five copies; the amount, one dollar, I enclose, also a check for ten dollars to use in the same good cause.

Gladly would I make the donation very much more, but the demands upon my not large means are many and my heart's promptings are often restrained.

Your noble devotion in the cause of our valuable suffering animals inspires me with highest regard and constant admiration. May Our Heavenly Father in His best wisdom add many, many years to your life of usefulness, bringing the great boon of health in its train.

## PIGEON SHOOTING FROM TRAPS.

A strong effort is being made in the Canadian Parliament to obtain a law prohibiting the shooting of pigeons from traps for sport. As bearing on this subject we give the two following articles:

(1) Chas. Green recently shot a pigeon that had escaped from a pigeon shooting match without being shot, with nine pins stuck in various parts of its body. The heartlessness of pigeon shooting sport can be better realized when it is known that at shooting matches pins are stuck in various parts of the bird's body and in the bottom of its feet and up its legs the entire length of the pin. By this method the pigeon is so tortured that it will fly rapidly from the trap when freed. If they escape, as a number of them do, they do not live more than a month at the farthest, the pins shrivel their legs and cause them constant suffering until death comes to their relief. Another method of torture which is frequently used in addition to the pins is to cut the birds' toes off, pull their feathers out, and bite the bird's neck enough to hurt it severely.—*Elmer, New Jersey, Times.*

Feb. 15, 1890.

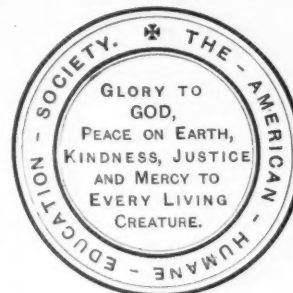
(2) GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.—Dear Sir: As an old pigeon shooter, I deem it a duty to the cause you are so ably fighting, to say that it was mainly through your efforts that the cruel practice of pigeon shooting at traps was stopped in Massachusetts, and that the shooting club of which I was a member had to close up its business. When Massachusetts, largely through your instrumentality, put a stop to this practice on her soil, we took to Maine. But soon the horizon began to look black for us there, and the spectre of Geo. T. Angell and his Mass. Society began to loom up before us. We soon realized that you had given us our final thrust through the Maine legislature, which drove us out of that State, and resulted in the selling of our guns.

Since I have become a reader of your valuable paper I deem it a matter of justice to pay you this tribute, and to say that I have spoken to several of our old members since in regard to your work in this line, and now that they are away from the excitements which this cruel sport entailed they believe it is the best thing that could have been done, both for the pigeons and themselves.

P. H. FOSTER.

Boston, March 10, 1890.

## THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.  
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.  
HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON, Treasurer.  
(OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

## THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The American Humane Education Society was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, March, 1889, with power to hold half a million dollars free from taxation.

Its objects are to establish Humane Societies for the protection of dumb animals and human beings all over this continent, and to carry humane education into every American school and home. For what it is doing and has already done write Geo. T. Angell, President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to property valued at over three thousand dollars given by its President to its permanent fund, it has received the following:

## The American Humane Education Society Receipts.

Previously acknowledged, \$8,265.50; Mass. Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$500; Mrs. S. L., \$50; Mrs. F. C. Manning, \$10; Dr. H. B. Cross, \$5; Mrs. Annie L. Lowry, \$10; Sundry persons, \$48.35; Mrs. C. S. Barnard, \$25; Miss G. Kendall, \$20; P.O. Box, \$5; A Friend, \$5; Jennie L. Crane, \$15; Elizabeth B. Hillis, \$10; Mrs. E. B. Kendall, \$5; Caleb A. Curtis, \$20; Miss H. Meyer, \$5; Miss Susan Upham, \$5; Mrs. Sarah B. Cone, \$25; Mrs. A. Champlin, \$100; Dr. C. F. Folsom, \$6; Mrs. J. E. M. Safford, \$10; Miss S. B. Morton, \$10; Miss Edith Rotch, \$100.50. Total, \$9,253.35.

Receipts for sales of "Black Beauty" will appear in May number.

## PLEASANT LETTER.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 26th, 1890.  
Townsend School.

Dear Sir: Two hundred and eighty pupils of this school have signed the pledge to protect animals from cruelty, and have become the George T. Angell "Band of Mercy."

K. M. CULLEN, Principal.

## RIGHT TO THE POINT.

DOVER, N. H., March 14, 1890.

Enclosed is check for twelve hundred copies of "Our Dumb Animals," etc.

T. B. G.

## KIND LETTER.

Philadelphia, Pa., February 24th, 1890.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL:  
Having read with interest an account in "Our Dumb Animals" of what is being done by the American Humane Education Society, I enclose a donation of \$50 to aid in the work.

Yours, etc.,

S. L.

If acknowledged in your paper, please give initials only.

## KIND LETTER.

March 8, 1890.

MR. GEORGE T. ANGELL,  
Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find my cheque for fifteen dollars, which I hope may be of some little use in your noble work. I wish it were one hundred times as much. I am deeply interested in your paper and the good work you are doing. With very best wishes for your noble work,  
I am,  
Very respectfully yours,  
J. L. C.

## ANOTHER KIND LETTER.

LENEX, MASS., March 14, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:  
I enclose to you my check for \$100 for "The American Humane Education Society." I am much interested in this excellent work. Believe me, with much sympathy in all the good you are doing.  
E. R.

## INDIANA.

We have read with deep interest the annual report of the Indiana Humane Society, and the great work that Mrs. Prettyman is doing in forming Bands of Mercy. The missionary of our American Humane Education Society has been at work in Indiana. There are now twenty-two new Humane Societies in the State. Caleb S. Denny is President, and Wm. H. Hobbs Secretary, of the State Society at Indianapolis.

From Sermon of Rev. Dr. Spaulding, in First Presbyterian Church, Syracuse, N.Y., March 16, 1890:

I say that all noble natures the race through have been filled with this so great sympathy with all these lower beings, whose very look as you gaze into their eyes tell to us such a story of dependence, and suffering, and joy, and deathless affection. Locke in his "Treatise on Education" would have taught among children lessons of compassion for the inferior creatures both as a duty toward them and as developing in the children the best nobilities of their nature. One of the profoundest pieces of human reasoning is Bishop Butler's "Analogy of Religion." In it he refers to the "latent powers and capacities of the lower animals, and sees no reason why they should not be developed in a future life." Sir Walter Scott had always about him a family of dogs larger than his own. How he mourned them when they died! Who has ever gazed at that magnificent monument at Edinburgh, and not been touched in the tenderest spot in his heart, at seeing there at the very feet of the statue of the great man the beautiful form of his favorite dog, Maida! . . . I think I shall always remember the tallyho coach ride one Fourth of July from Dublin to Bray. Four horses of perfect forms, shining like silk, leaping like deer over their six-mile course, and then four more fresh for their run; thirty-six horses in all, speeding with unwearied pace up the smooth hills, through village and hamlet, boys and girls breaking loose from school, filling the air with their echoes of our tooting horn, and yet in all that wild ride from Dublin to the sea and from the sea to Dublin, not a lash fell upon a single horse. Only its sharp crack in the air, and the low voice of that superb driver, the richest tea merchant in the Irish capital, to keep the eager horses firm and even to their work. And so through old England, among the majestic dray horses, with their monumental legs; among the bus and hansom horses so endless in their procession through the streets and strands of London; among the young pacing cobs and on the country roads; among the tall but stocky hunters in field and moor; among the racers, so elegant in every part, with high pasterns, deep flanks and chests, and long thin necks, restless for the signal for the race—among them all I saw not in a month so many bearing about in overwrought, starved, whipped bodies the marks of man's cruelty as I see in a single day here in the streets of Syracuse.

We understand the pastors of the various Syracuse churches have agreed to preach a series of sermons on "mercy for the beasts," and the above is from the first of the series.

The first duty to children is to make them happy.—CHARLES BUXTON.

## EDUCATION AND CRIME.

Mr. Benjamin Reece, in the current number of the Popular Science Monthly, shows by official and incontestable statistics that in the more highly educated States of the Union the ratio of vice and crime is enormously greater than in the most illiterate portions. For example, South Carolina, with more than half of its population illiterate, has but one delinquent in every 568 inhabitants, while in Massachusetts there is one delinquent to every 205 of the population. Again, he shows from the annual report of the Superintendent of the New York State prisons that in the year 1886 there were confined in the prisons of Auburn and Sing Sing, 2,616 convicts: of these 1,801 are credited with a common school education, 373 are classed as being able to read and write, 19 are returned as collegiates, 10 as having received classical and 78 academic educations, 97 as being able to read only, and but 278 as having no education; and he justly asks, "Is it not contrary to our most confident predictions and undoubted expectations that the common schools should furnish eighty-three per cent. and the colleges and academies over four per cent. of the inmates of Auburn and Sing Sing?"

## DINNER FOR THE DUKE.

A good story is going the rounds of the Back Bay, Boston, and is located in one of the three great hotels which are visible from Copley Square. In one of these houses resides an estimable lady, who is the owner of a fine dog named "Duke." For a while, the lady has resided in one hotel and taken her meals at another, and also had the food for the dog sent from the second. A few days ago, she sent a message to the second to "send Duke's dinner over." Quite a time elapsed, and the lady was fast approaching the limit of her patience, when the door was opened in a stately manner, and the most magnificent of waiters appeared, with immaculate shirt front, white gloves, glossy neckwear, and all the other elements which go to make up the perfections of the ideal waiter. The gorgeous creature entered the apartment with a bill of fare in his hand, and asked "what his Grace would be pleased to order for his dinner, and at what time he would wish to be served, and for how many guests covers were to be laid." The feelings of the gorgeous waiter may be better imagined than described when he learned that his services were required only to the extent of selecting remnants of chicken suitable for a dog.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

## BRIGHT BOY.

A Los Angeles Sunday School teacher was telling her little boys about temptation and showing how it sometimes came in attractive attire. She used as illustration the paw of a cat. Now, said the teacher, you have all seen the paw of a cat; it is as soft as velvet, isn't it?

Yes'em, from the class.

And you have seen the paw of a dog?

Yes'em.

Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is nevertheless concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?

No answer.

The dog, when angry, bites; what does the cat do?

Scratches, said a small boy.

Correct, said the teacher approvingly. Now what has the cat got that the dog has not?

Whiskers, replied the boy.

## A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.

At the dinner station where we stopped one day on a certain Tennessee railroad almost the first sight which greeted the eye of those who got off was a rough burial box on the platform, and seated near it was an old black woman with a handkerchief to her eyes. When kindly asked the cause of her sorrow she pointed to the box and replied:

"De old man's in dar."

"Your husband!"

"Yes; died two days ago back yere in de kentry."

"And what are you doing with the body here?"

"I wants to bury it up at Charlestown, but I hain't got money 'nuff to take it on de railroad."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed a man, as he came forward. "What's the difference where a nigger is buried? They want her to bury it here, but she won't. She's determined to take it to Charlestown."

"For what reason?" asked the passenger who had put all the previous questions.

"Kase, sah, all de fo' chill'en is buried up dar', and his mudder an' sister, an' de poo' ole man will be lonesome down yere."

"What bosh!" growled the kicker.

"Look here!" whispered the other, as he went over to him. "I'd rather be a nigger with her soul than to be a white man with yours. She's right. Let the family dead sleep together."

He entered the express office, paid for the shipment of the body, bought the widow a ticket to Charlestown, and then dropped a ten dollar gold piece in her hand and said:

"Give him a decent funeral, mammy, and this will put up a headboard to mark the grave."

"May de Lawd bless you for —!"

But he hurried in to snatch a bite to eat. When he was gone I made inquiries as to his identity, and found a man who replied:

"Why, that's Colonel — of Alabama. He owned over 800 slaves when the war broke out." —*Indianapolis Sunday Sentinel.*

## THE QUAKER POET.

[FROM SCHOOL AND HOME.]

The following is told of the boyhood of John Greenleaf Whittier: "In an old, historic town of Massachusetts, near the laurel-bordered Merrimac, there once stood a low school-house, weather-beaten and brown. One Saturday afternoon, long years ago, the winter sun shone over it at setting, and fell on the face of a little culprit who stood before the teacher's desk, 'deep scarred by raps official.'

"John," said the teacher, 'why do you not say your catechism with the other boys?'

"The child ran his fingers through the tangled black curls, and hesitated.

"John Greenleaf," demanded the master, more severely, 'why don't you say this catechism?'

"The black eyes flashed as the boy answered bravely, 'I can't; father says I mustn't, because it isn't true.'

"The pupils listened to this response breathless and awe-struck; but the master's Puritan blood tingled as with an insult.

"John," he said, 'if you don't say this catechism, I'll whip you.'

"Thee can whip me if thee likes, but thee can never make me say it," was the quick, firm response.

In the lad's face could be seen that unconquerable spirit of his Quaker ancestors, who had died "for righteousness' sake." This boy was afterward styled "The Quaker Poet," and it has been said that this incident of the boy strikes the key-note of the man.

Whittier was always known as the friend of animals, from the horse to the squirrel. Once he hung a little turtle from the branch of a tree, just over the brook, to discover if it could escape. Several days afterward, he awoke in the night, heart-broken with remorse over the forgotten pet, and was only satisfied when he discovered the creature none the worse for his prank.



## AN EASTER CAROL.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

All hail to the morning!  
The clouds flee away,  
The mourning is ended,  
Joy cometh to-day;

By the cross and the grave-side our sad watch is  
done,  
For the Saviour is risen, His victory won.

O earth, give Him greeting,  
And hail Him as King!  
O friends, in your gladness,  
Sweet offerings bring;

The dawn of His Easter all sorrow uplifts,  
Then lay on His altar the fairest of gifts.

Bring roses for love,  
And for victory, palms;  
Upraise in His honor  
The grandest of psalms;

Bring smilax and lilies the cross to adorn,  
And sing hallelujahs this glad Easter morn.

O Christ of the manger!  
O Christ of the cross!  
Whose love bought so dearly  
Our gain by Thy loss.

Thou hast wrested from death his proud sceptre  
and crown,  
He has laid at Thy feet his brief victory down.

O flowers, bloom in beauty!  
And sing, young and old!  
Though the joy of the Easter  
Can never be told.

But sing and rejoice, with your banners unfurled,  
For the Christ that was slain is the Life of the  
World!

—Zion's Herald.

## HORACE GREELEY'S PENMANSHIP.

Here is what Greeley wrote :

Dear Sir,—I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next February 8d. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand,—certainly not now. Yours,  
HORACE GREELEY.

M. B. CASTLE, Sandwich, Ill.

And here is how the lecture committee read it:

SANDWICH, Ill., May 12.

HORACE GREELEY, New York Tribune:

Dear Sir,—Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship next being the plainest, it took some time to translate it; but we succeeded, and would say your time, "third of February," and terms, "sixty dollars," are perfectly satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity. If so, we will advise you. Yours respectfully,  
M. B. CASTLE.

## A BRAVE BABY.

A plucky four-year-old baby lives in Oskaloosa, Ia. It is the child of Mrs. Wilson, and, while playing about the mouth of a deep well covered by loose boards, fell in. The well is thirty feet deep and contained ten feet of water at the time. The mother saw the child fall, and, frantically grabbing a clothes-line, lowered it into the well. The child grasped the line, but of course could not hold on tight enough to be drawn out, so the mother tied her end above.

"Will pet hold on tight till mamma runs for papa?" tremblingly cried the mother to the little one.

"Ess," came a brave little sob from below.

The mother hurried away and soon returned with the father and several other men, who, after much difficulty, rescued the child from its chilly bath. The little one was almost unconscious from cold when taken out, but had bravely clung to the clothes-line all the time, holding its head above water. The happy mother hugged her rescued one and wept for joy, while the assembled crowd threw up their hats and cheered in acknowledgment of the baby's grit.—*N. Y. World.*



SCAMP AND HIS FRIENDS.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## "SCAMP."

Several years ago, while I was staying in a Southern town, a little girl friend gave me a squirrel. It had been caught wild in the woods, but its owner was obliged to leave it a good deal, as she went daily to school, and hunger had tamed the poor little creature, so that he snatched greedily at the first morsel I offered him, and in his hungry haste took a bite at my finger as well.

He was a large and handsome squirrel, of a clear gray, and so spry and quick in all his movements that I named him "Scamper"; or if he happened to get into mischief, or be troublesome in any way, I scolded him by the name of "Scamp."

At first, I shut him into a large, old-fashioned bird-cage, but his sharp teeth soon gnawed through the wood-work that held the wires in place, and squeezing his little, supple body through the opening thus made, he saucily presented himself to me, a free squirrel as far as the limits of the room allowed.

As he did not prove very destructive I let him remain at liberty. He tasted a few books, the bindings, I think it was, instead of the contents, but on the whole, he was far more amusing than troublesome. His cage was left open, however, for him to go in and out as he wished, and he always used it as a larder and sleeping-room.

In place of anything better at hand, I gave "Scamper" a long, narrow strip of cambric, folded flat and smooth, for him to sleep on, but he soon gave me to understand that his ideas of making a bed, and mine, were very different. Sitting back on his hind legs, he twirled and pulled and fumbled the cloth, until he had made it into quite a mound of cambric, into the depths of which he slid and was lost to sight.

Sometimes, however, his work was a failure, owing, I suppose, to the narrowness of his material, for sometimes he would dive in at one side, only to come out at the other; then after a few seconds of intense surprise at this result, he would proceed to do his work over once more.

"Scamper's" food was chiefly nuts, of which

he never seemed to tire, and the shells were of use in keeping down his sharp, chisel-like teeth, which would otherwise have grown too long.

His chief delight was to examine every part of the room and the furniture. When he caught sight of any strange object, he at once "struck an attitude" at a little distance from it. With his tail held stiffly on one side, and his head stretched forward, he kept up a low, constant "chirring" until he got near enough to find out its nature. If it proved harmless, he relaxed his rigid attitude and examined it at his ease.

The lady friend who shared my room was in the habit of walking back and forth through it for exercise, and "Scamp" generally took it upon himself to be her escort at such times; turning as she turned, keeping carefully by her side, and sometimes looking up into her face with an air of comradeship that, considering the difference in their size, was quite diverting.

"Scamper" brought into our household one habit of his forest life that was not quite so amusing, namely, early rising. After a while we grew tired of his untimely rustlings and skippings, to say nothing of the uneasy sense that he *might* be in some mischief even when he was quiet; so, in order to enjoy our morning sleep, I looked about for a place to confine him. The room was lighted by two French windows, as they are called, which opened like double doors. The space between these and the outside blinds was quite wide enough for his sleeping place, so every night Master Scamper and his cambric bed were safely stowed therein. To be sure, there was a lively scratching on the glass, full early in the morning, and if I looked I could see a pair of very beseeching eyes; but as he was not suffering he was generally left there until a reasonable hour, from my point of view, if not his.

When the time came for me to return to my Northern home, I decided that Scamper would not enjoy the cold country to which I was going, so he was left behind, in the care of a friend, with whom, I trust, he found a pleasant home, and proved himself as amusing a pet as he had been to me.

AMY DAVIS.

*Dr. Kate Bushnell, of Chicago, writes:*

"I saw a horse that had fallen under its burden on the street. Its owner was beating it pitilessly to make it get up and move on. How it made us shudder to hear the whiz and crack of the whip on the poor animal's back! But the panting horse neither flinched under the whip nor stirred a muscle to get up. What was the matter? Was it wilful stubbornness? It looked like it. The driver would have whipped it to death in his rage, but for some men that came along. The whipping was stopped. The load was taken out the wagon. The wagon box was removed. A few buckles of the harness were loosened. The horse looked up, caught the kindly glances of the men, felt the gentle stroke of the human hand, and was soon moving along the street."

Teacher: "Johnnie, where is the north pole?" Johnnie: "I don't know." Teacher: "Don't know where the north pole is?" Johnnie: "When Doctor Kane and Franklin and Greeley hunted for it and couldn't find it, how am I to know where it is?"

## THE DOG-SOLDIER.

(By David Ker.)

"Who brought that dog here? Send him back at once."

So spoke, in his deepest and sternest tones, old Colonel Eugene Noirmont, as he rode out of the French fort at Biskra, in the Sahara Desert, at the head of a strong body of irregular cavalry, which had been sent to check the raids of a hostile Arab tribe.

"He is my dog, Colonel," answered the junior Captain, young Alphonse de Picardon, glancing apologetically at the small white poodle that was close at his horse's heels; "and I hope you will not object to his going with us, for it would break his heart to be left behind."

"And whose heart will it break," growled the Colonel, "if the brute begins barking just as we're going to take the Arabs by surprise, and warns them of our coming?"

"It is not for me to contradict you, Colonel," said the young officer, respectfully; "but, with your permission, I can soon show you that there is no fear of that." Then he turned to the dog, and said sternly, "*Jacquot, silence a la mort!*"

Then, at a sign from the Captain, several of the men began to shout, clap their hands, and make noise enough to set an ordinary dog barking furiously, but Jacquot never uttered a sound.

"Very well," said the Colonel at length, "the dog may go; but remember, Captain de Picardon, that I shall hold you responsible for his behavior."

The young Captain saluted, and fell into his place without a word, and off rode the detachment.

It was weary work riding over stony ridges and sandy hollows, through the blistering heat and the blinding glare, while the hot prickly dust, rolling up in clouds at each step, clogged every pore and choked every breath. Mile after mile of the desert was left behind, hour after hour of the burning, weary, interminable day crept slowly past, but still there was no sign of the enemy, or of any living thing save a wide-winged vulture, which hung poised in mid-air, like a blot upon the bright, scorching, cloudless sky. The soldiers grew impatient, and began to murmur and growl.

But all at once the dog (which was still keeping pace with them) stopped short, snuffed the air uneasily, and then began to run restlessly backward and forward, uttering a low, anxious whine.

"Do you think he scents the enemy?" whispered Colonel Noirmont to Captain de Picardon.

"I'll stake my life that he does," replied the Captain. "I've never yet found him wrong. There must be some hollow here that we can't see. Here, Morel, Barbot, hold fast to each other, while I climb on to your shoulders."

And then, supported by the two burly troopers, he raised himself high enough to make out a dry water-course a few hundred yards ahead, in the hollow of which a large number of men might easily be hidden.

"Ah!" cried the Colonel, when he heard this, "they want to catch us in an ambush, do they? Not so fast, my fine fellows! Half a dozen of you dismount, lads, and unsling your carbines, move forward about fifty paces, and then fire."

The crash of the volley rolled like thunder along the silent desert, while the Colonel roared, in Arabic:

"Come out, you dogs! We see you plainly."

The effect was magical. Up started, as if rising through the earth, a swarm of savage faces and wild figures, while the flash and crackle of the answering volley followed as thunder follows lightning; but the Arabs, firing hastily and almost at random, only wounded two men.

"Now," thundered the Colonel, "upon them before they can reload."

Down swept the French upon their enemies like a whirlwind, and in a moment were hand to hand with them. The Arabs fought like tigers, but training and discipline soon began to tell, and the battle was over (as one of the French troopers regretfully observed) "almost before one had time to enjoy it."

But when the Arabs began to scatter and fly, the Colonel (whose blood was fairly up) dashed off in pursuit of them so recklessly that he was soon left almost alone, seeing which three of the enemy faced round and attacked him.

Captain de Picardon—who was famous as the best swordsman in the regiment—came dashing up barely in time to cut down one of Noirmont's assailants, while the Colonel himself disposed of another; but the third man was just about to stab De Picardon in the back, when his dog flew at the Arab's throat, and clutched it with such hearty energy that the man fell to the ground bleeding and half strangled.

"Form in line!" shouted Colonel Noirmont, when the fight was over, and all the wounded had been brought in. "My children, you have done well, and I thank you. To-morrow you shall be reported for good service to the Commander-in-chief himself, and he will not forget you; but I have one acknowledgment to make before that. Captain de Picardon, bring forward your dog."

The four-footed scout was at once produced, and when set down in front of the Colonel, he stood up on his hind legs and made a military salute with his fore paw, to the unbounded delight of the soldiers.

"A soldier who knows his duty so well," said the Colonel, with a grim smile, "must not go uncompensated, and thus I reward his services."

So saying, he detached from his own uniform the cross of the Legion of Honor, and hung it around the dog's neck amid thundering cheers from the assembled troopers, who declared with one voice that his decoration had been fairly won by their "Dog-Soldier."—*Harper's Young People.*

## BILLY.

Billy was a pedler's horse. Every day he drew a large wagon along the country roads. This large wagon was loaded with tin and brooms. It was a heavy load to draw. He stopped at all the houses, so that his master could sell the brooms and tins. One day, after he had travelled a long time, Billy stopped. There was no house in sight. He was tired and hungry.

"Go along!" said his master.

"No!" said Billy.

This is the way Billy said "No." He set his fore feet out. He laid back his ears and shook his head.

His master got out of the wagon and patted him.

Billy didn't stir.

He moved the harness here and there, and patted him more.

Billy didn't stir.

He talked to him in a very pleasant tone.

But Billy didn't stir.

What was to be done?

The pedler wanted to sell his brooms and tins, and go home. But he could not do it if Billy refused. He went to the back of the wagon. A gentleman who passed thought he was going to whip the horse. The pedler knew better. He took a pail from the wagon. There was some meal in the pail. He showed it to Billy, then he walked on and set the pail down.

Billy could see the pail.

Pretty soon Billy lifted his ears and looked very good natured. He went forward to the pail.

Then his master let him eat the meal. Then he put the pail back in the wagon, and Billy trotted off briskly with his load.

The meal was better for both Billy and his master than the whip.—*Little Folks' Reader.*

## DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,  
President.

## A HORSE TRAINED BY KINDNESS.

Herbert Currier of Philadelphia, an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was favored some time ago by being presented with a horse and carriage, with which he has been able to cover more ground in the discharge of his duties. Ever since the sagacious animal came into his possession he has been training it to perform numerous clever acts, and by gentle treatment has succeeded in accomplishing his object. The agent owns a snug little dwelling, with a good piece of ground, on Sharpnack street, Germantown, and he had a stable built on the premises for "Nellie" exclusively. She is a small animal, of dark color, and has a very intelligent look. An exhibition of what the animal could do took place recently at the stable.

"Nellie" was standing in her cosy stall and the stable door was shut. Her carriage and a number of people were on the outside. The agent in a quiet, soft tone of voice, called out, "Nellie, come out here and place yourself in the shafts of your carriage." Without a moment's hesitation the intelligent beast turned herself around in the stall and, walking to the door, raised the latch with her mouth and walked out, backing up to the vehicle, where she was harnessed. "Nellie" was asked whether she would like to have a beating, and she replied in the negative by vigorously shaking her head. She was then asked by the agent if she loved him, and "Nellie" demonstrated that she did by walking up to her master and placing her head on his shoulder, where she remained some minutes.

To find a handkerchief in the officer's clothes was an easy matter for her, as at the word of command she relieved one of the pockets of his coat of the desired article. Turning and backing the carriage while harnessed was an easy task for her, which she did with much gracefulness. The agent then walked away some hundred yards or more and called for his pet to come to him, which command she instantly obeyed. Other minor tricks were shown which elicited the admiration and surprise of the gathered spectators. Agent Currier says he never was obliged to use the whip or have recourse to rough language while training "Nellie" to go through these tricks. He is fondly attached to the animal and would feel very lonesome without her.—*"The Band of Mercy."*

## KNEW THE RING.

It requires quick hearing, sharp observation, and good memory to know always a friend's peculiar ring of the house bell, although there is, no doubt, an individuality in that as in every other human act. Not to be able to do this is not a proof of dullness in child or man; and when done by a cat is worth noting. A lady in Boylston Street, in this city, had a cat which for years always left its rug and went down the stairs to the front door when its mistress rang, to meet her, if the doors of the room were open; but it took no notice whatever of the ring of anybody else.

A newspaper poet demands to know, "where are the girls of the past?" *Bringing up the girls of the future, don't you think?—Scranton Truth.*



## UNCLE JAKE'S DUMB CRITTERS.

I don't know much of languages such as the scholars tell,  
But the language of dumb critters I understand quite well,  
And I think, sir—yes, I think, sir, that their voices reach  
the sky,  
And that their Maker understands the pleading of their  
eye,  
And I shouldn't be surprised, sir, *if in the judgment day,*  
*Some cruel, heartless human folks should be as dumb as*  
*they.*

My house is not as elegant as many are, I know;  
But my cattle are all sheltered from the wintry winds and  
snow.

And they're not kept on rations that leave nothing but the  
frame,  
Or in the spring returning to the "dust from whence they  
came."

Ah! God hath wisely ordered, sir, that in a money way,  
Starving, abusing critters are the things that will not pay.

If any of my flock are sick or hurt in any way,  
I see that they are cared for, sir, by night as well as day.  
My letter's *on their wool, sir—that's all the brand I know;*  
My lambs—they are not tailless, for God didn't make them  
so.

Some say sheep don't need water, but I tell you it's a lie!  
They're almost frantic for it, sir, the same as you or I.

My horses—you have seen them, sir; they are just what  
they seem;

And, if I do say it myself, they are a splendid team.  
*They wear no foolish blinders, and from hitchup reins*  
*they're free;*

And they never had a hurt, sir, that has been caused by me.  
The way they do my bidding now, 'tis really a surprise!  
They know my very step, sir, and thank me with their eyes.

My pigpen, over yonder, I'd like, sir, to have shown;  
My hogs—they never are the "breed" that is but skin and  
bone;

I know, sir, that to fatten them, they need both food and  
drink,

A shelter and a bed, sir, will help it on, I think.  
I have a yard on purpose they can root where'er they  
choose—

It seems to me like cruelty, so rings I never use.

There's one thing more I want to show, 'tis Hannah's hen  
house here—

Our poultry always pay us well, and just now eggs are  
dear—

'Tis warm and clean and bright, you see, with gravel on  
the ground;

There's feed and water standing here all day the whole year  
round.

But maybe I have tired you, sir—forgive an old man's  
pride;

But somehow I love dumb critters, and I want their wants  
supplied.

## MONKEY AND BULLDOG.

HOW A VENERABLE MONKEY PUNISHED AN  
AGGRESSIVE CANINE.

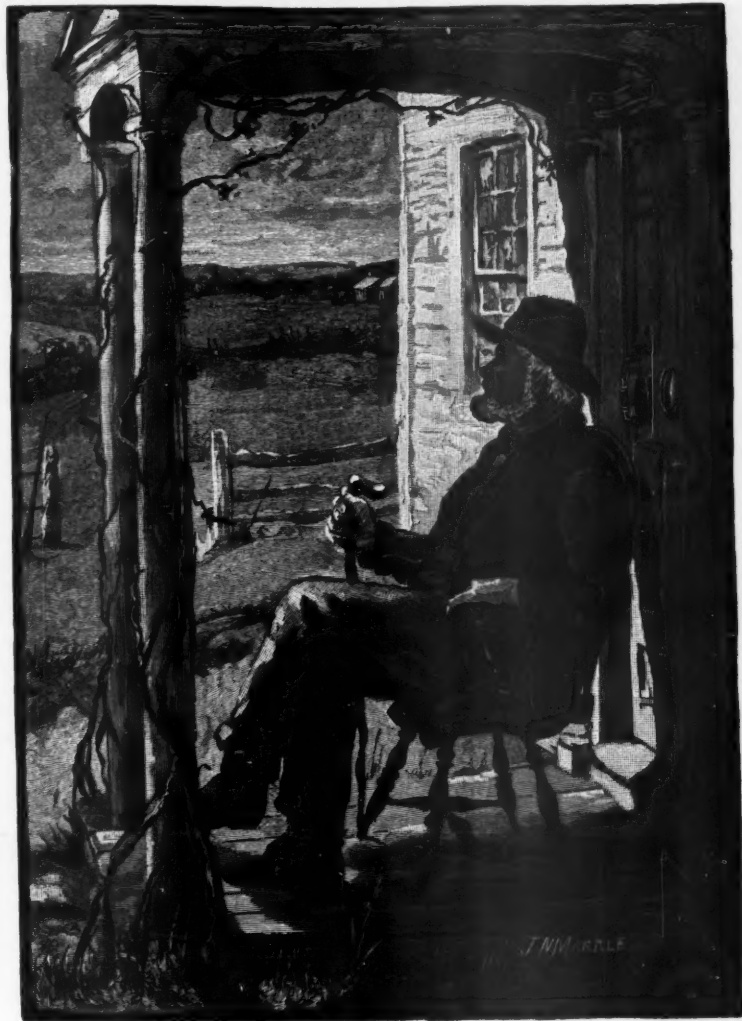
Some species of the monkey family are held  
sacred by the Hindoos, with the result that the  
naturally mischievous animals become extremely  
familiar; so familiar, indeed, as to be really a  
nuisance, at least in the eyes of European  
residents. The author of "*Thirty-eight years in*  
*India*" gives an amusing account of an ex-  
perience of his dog with one of these sacred  
mischief-makers:

The monkey took up his position day after day  
on the lower branch of a large mango-tree, and  
there he remained, indifferent to all threats and  
intimidation; and this led to a delicious result.

I have already mentioned "Toby," my un-  
paralleled bulldog. When the nuisance of  
these sacred monkeys began to be annoying,  
Toby interested himself in making occasional  
raids upon the intruders, but with little effect,  
and he seemed quite distressed by his failures.

One day I was standing with the dog by my  
side, when we observed our defiant old friend  
take his seat as usual on the branch. As he  
allowed his tail to hang down, it struck me, and  
I verily believe it struck Toby also, that, although  
his body was out of reach, his tail might be  
grabbed.

I spoke in a low tone to Toby; he seemed to  
understand, crouched, and very gradually ap-  
proached the tree. The monkey remained  
immovable, and apparently unconcerned, and  
the tail continued to hang temptingly down.



UNCLE JAKE.

(Used by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin &amp; Co.)

Suddenly Toby made a rush for the tail.  
Everything bespoke a triumph long delayed.

Alas! alas! The venerable monkey never  
moved, but as Toby's open mouth turned upward  
to seize at least the tail, he quietly, but at the  
proper moment, *lifted it up with his left hand*  
*as a gentleman would raise his coat-tail to enjoy*  
*the fire*, and, stooping slightly forward, gave  
Toby a pleasant box on the ear with his right  
hand, looking at him, as he passed, with calm  
and satirical indifference.

More amusing still was the fact that after this  
rehearsal the experiment was repeated more  
than once. I can still vividly recall the calm,  
philosophical indifference of the monkey, the  
calculating advance of the impassioned and yet  
baffled Toby, the repeated rush, the quiet eleva-  
tion of the tail, and the insulting pat on the  
gasping cheek.

## A WESTERN EDITOR.

A WESTERN EDITOR WRITES US.

Feb. 4, 1890.

DEAR MR. ANGELL,

Please tell me if the Boston Society can do anything in  
the case of a stray cat, belonging to nobody, who haunts  
people's houses, greatly to their annoyance. I appealed in  
just such a case to the Humane Society of our city, to know  
if there was some merciful way provided to dispose of the  
animal, but it was not "in their line." Now, my curiosity is  
aroused to know if such cases are in anybody's "line."  
We answered: In such a case in Boston we should send  
a man to mercifully kill the animal, or if valuable, to take  
it to the temporary Home for lost and stray animals. To  
persons in places more remote we should send full printed  
instructions to enable any one to kill the animal mercifully.

## CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE.

The night was lowering; they, the weak ones,  
lay

And slept, forgetful of the Master's dole;

While Jesus—all unfriended—

By God nor man attended,

Retired into the shadow-deeps to pray,—

Wrestling alone in agony of soul.

All nature, hushed and veiled, the tremulous  
stars,—

The odor-freighted air stifling the sense;

And all things throbbled with sorrow,

And feared the dreadful morrow

Whose dawn would bring th' accursed, mock-  
judgment bars,

Where He must stand alone without defence.

Thus, thrice retiring, see the pure one pray;  
Great drops of bloody sweat begin to flow;

Behold the Saviour pleading,—

His heart with anguish bleeding:

"Father, and may this cup not pass away?

But must I drain it to its dregs of woe?"

Now prone, His sacred face pressing the grass,  
He writhes in agony—God's precious Son.

Now wrought His Passion holy,

Meekly He cries, and slowly—

"Yet, Father, if this chalice may not pass  
Except I drink it, Thy will, not mine, be done."

K. FASTEL,  
in the Boston Pilot.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE "KING'S DAUGHTERS."

COLUMBUS, OHIO, March 1, 1890.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL,  
Dear Sir: This will be a red-letter day in my remembrance, for I have found a new interest, awakened by your wonderful work. I have only recently taken in the full thought of your "Humane Education Society," and to-day I tried to see if I could give the thought to others. I went in the morning to a meeting of "King's Daughters"—over forty in number. I had been asked to tell them something about the "Shut-in Society," and I asked permission to speak of your work and lent them my copies of "Our Dumb Animals" and told them of your offer to Bands of Mercy, and much interest was

shown. This afternoon I addressed another circle of "King's Daughters" and told them of the formation of the "Humane Education Society," and told them there could be no more fitting thought for children of the King than kindness to all the living things the King has created.

I have no doubt thirty names will be obtained and sent you, and then they propose that each "Daughter" shall try to get thirty more. I left my copy of "Our Dumb Animals" with them for reference, and felt as if I had found a new and most congenial field of usefulness. They were so astonished at a society that proposes to confer benefits instead of asking for dues and membership fees.

Faithfully, "I. H. N.,"  
I. S. F.

## NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 7498 Stockton, Cal.  
P., Maud Southworth.  
S., Ralph Phelps.
- 7499 Beloit, Wis.  
P., Miss Nellie Martin.
- 7500 P., Miss Charlotte Randall.
- 7501 Boston, Mass.  
P., Anna E. Grover.
- 7502 Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Robins Hood Band.  
P., Elias Solomon.
- 7503 Springfield, Mass.  
P., Mrs. Luther Gulick.
- 7504 Mill River, Mass.  
Konkapot Valley Band.  
P., Johnnie J. Moran.
- 7505 Syracuse, N. Y.  
P., Lee Olmsted.
- 7506 Port Royal, S. C.  
James Freeman Clark Band.  
P., Toby Harjilton.
- 7507 Lanark, Ill.  
P., Florence Boyd.
- 7508 Muscatine, Iowa.  
Hawkeye Band.  
P., Ida M. Appel.
- 7509 Agassiz Band.  
P., Miss Belle Courser.
- 7510 Violet Band.  
P., Miss Bessie Murphy.
- 7511 Montreal, Canada.  
Y. M. C. A. Band.  
P., Geo. Ross.
- 7512 Richboro, Pa.  
Richboro Band.  
P., Sallie E. Twining.
- 7513 Kokomo, Ind.  
Public Schools.  
Busy Bees Band.  
P., Sarah Kirkpatrick.
- 7514 Red Bird Band.  
P., Mary Marks.
- 7515 Touch-me-not Band.  
P., Eva Bixler.
- 7516 Willing Workers.  
P., Anna Ward.
- 7517 Geo. Washington Band.  
P., Monell Carr.
- 7518 Golden Rule.  
P., Mary F. Cosand.
- 7519 I'll Try Band.  
P., Laura B. Bennett.
- 7520 Audubon Band.  
P., Chas. Newlin.
- 7521 Whittier Band.  
P., Rose McCamskey.
- 7522 Longfellow Band.  
P., H. G. Woody.
- 7523 Daisy Band.  
P., Emma Kane.
- 7524 Pansy Band.  
P., Nettie Canode.
- 7525 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Mollie McCorkle.
- 7526 Red Rose Band.  
P., Ella M. Jones.
- 7527 Canary Band.  
P., Ida M. Sipe.
- 7528 Lincoln Band.  
P., Emma Kirkpatrick.
- 7529 Never Fail Band.  
P., J. C. Leach.
- 7530 Good Intent Band.  
P., C. M. Peercy.
- 7531 Hope Band.  
P., A. G. Smith.
- 7532 Robin Band.  
P., Nellie Quinn.
- 7533 Bluebird Band.  
P., Belle Leachman.
- 7534 Star Band.  
P., C. S. Hicks.

- 7535 Anderson, Ind.  
Orphans' Home.  
George Washington Band.  
P., David Williams.
- 7536 Turtle Dove Band.  
P., Mrs. Mary Robertson.
- 7537 Plainfield, N. J.  
Plainfield, N. J., Band.  
P., Mrs. W. J. Leonard.
- 7538 Union Village, Ohio.  
Love and Mercy Band.  
P., R. H. Moore.
- 7539 Beloit, Wis.  
Landseer Band.  
P., Helen E. Cheney.
- 7540 Beloit, Wis.  
P., Amelia Jacobson.
- 7541 Janesville, Wis.  
P., Mrs. Mary M. Lane.
- 7542 Bellefonte, Pa.  
The Bellefonte Band.  
P., Miss J. E. Natt.
- 7543 Syracuse, N. Y.  
Townsend School.  
Kind Hearts Band.  
P., Louisa L. Hill.
- 7544 Daisy Band.  
P., Ida Suttin.
- 7545 The Harmless Band.  
P., John Bartels.
- 7546 The Crocus Band.  
P., Philip Dausman.
- 7547 Hyacinth Band.  
P., May Champlin.
- 7548 Violet Band.  
P., Laura Merkel.
- 7549 Our Country Band.  
P., Frank Baumer.
- 7550 Salem, Mass.  
Peace Band, No. 1.  
P., Alice M. Jenks.
- 7551 Peace Band No. 2.  
P., Fannie W. McMurphy.
- 7552 Peace Band No. 3.  
P., Margaret M. Haskell.
- 7553 Peace Band No. 4.  
P., Carrie M. Hooper.
- 7554 Kokomo, Ind.  
Willing Workers.  
P., Alma S. Rowe.
- 7555 Haverford College, Pa.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., John Armoyr.
- 7556 New York, N. Y.  
Mission of the Holy Cross Band.
- 7557 Springfield, Mass.  
Colored Sewing School Band.  
P., A. P. Gilbert.
- 7558 White Sewing School Band.  
P., A. P. Gilbert.
- 7559 Providence, R. I.  
Anthony Band.  
P., Mrs. H. C. Reynolds.
- 7560 Worcester, Mass.  
Heart of the Commonwealth.  
P., Mary F. Harrington.
- 7561 South Boston, Mass.  
Daughters of Mercy.  
P., Miss Kate Healey.
- 7562 Beloit, Wis.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Henry Quinn.  
S., Kittie F. Northrop.
- 7563 Diamond Hill, R. I.  
School Band.  
P., Mary E. Cooke.
- 7564 Aurora, Ind.  
Wide Awake Band.  
P., Mrs. James Greer.
- 7565 Syracuse, N. Y.  
Jefferson School No. 2.  
P., Katherine T. Duane.
- 7566 Syracuse, N. Y.  
Ind. Children's School.  
P., Mrs. H. F. Pease.

- 7567 Cumberland Hill, R. I.  
Pansy Band.  
P., Edith W. Larry.
- 7568 Harrisburg, Pa.  
Grip Band.  
P., Frank L. Wert.  
S., Robt. Napier.
- 7569 West Devon, Lot 10, P.E.I.  
Little Guard.  
P., Agnes McDonald.
- 7570 Morrisville, Pa.  
Their Band of Mercy.  
P., Miss Clara M. Parks.
- 7571 Cowansville, Quebec, Can.  
P., Mrs. L. Cowie.
- 7572 Jamaica Plain.  
Happy Workers Band.  
P., Miss Eva Thayer.
- 7573 Farmdale, Ohio.  
Gustavus Band.  
P., Mrs. M. M. Newton.
- 7574 Mobile, Ala.  
The Young Beginners.  
P., R. M. Sheridan.  
S., J. S. Shaw.
- 7575 Syracuse, N. Y.  
Irving School.  
Cooper Band.  
P., Maud L. Seelye.
- 7576 Harmony Band.  
P., Fannie Rich.
- 7577 True Blue Band.  
P., Harrison F. Grover.
- 7578 Star Band.  
P., Harry G. Lonsdale.
- 7579 Protectors Band.  
P., Isadore Levy.
- 7580 Promise Band.  
P., Mollie L. Mathews.
- 7581 Eftingham, Ill.  
Angell Band.  
P., Ada H. Kepler.
- 7582 Westfield, Ind.  
Whittier Band.  
P., J. F. Brown.
- 7583 Daisy Band.  
P., Emma W. Thomas.
- 7584 Westfield, Ind.  
Canary Band.  
P., Lelia Hoskins.
- 7585 Robin Band.  
P., Nellie Pettijohn.
- 7586 Lily Band.  
P., Eva Shively.
- 7587 Lincoln Band.  
P., Mrs. Anna Sanders.
- 7588 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Amos Sanders.
- 7589 Westfield, Ind.  
Orphans' Home.  
Pansy Band.
- 7590 Frankfort, Ind.  
Public Schools.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., C. A. McClure.
- 7591 C. S. Hubbard Band.  
P., Daisie Dronberger.
- 7592 Lily Band.  
P., Mary Logan.
- 7593 Busy Bees Band.  
P., Anna E. Williamson.
- 7594 Linnaeus Band.  
P., John A. Wood.
- 7595 Thoreau Band.  
P., Jessamine Morris.
- 7596 Longfellow Band.  
P., Mrs. M. L. Geckler.
- 7597 Washington Band.  
P., Minnie M. Gard.
- 7598 I'll Try Band.  
P., Mary M. Morrison.
- 7599 Golden Rod Band.  
P., H. F. McDowell.
- 7600 Blue Bell Band.  
P., E. Irwin.
- 7601 Mocking Bird Band.  
P., A. M. Cory.

- 7602 Red Bird Band.  
P., G. Meredith.
- 7603 Robin Band.  
P., Agnes Shea.
- 7604 Rose Bud Band.  
P., Mary Frazee.
- 7605 G. T. Angell Band.  
P., J. W. Hamilton.
- 7606 Lincoln Band.  
P., Clifford Alley.
- 7607 Howard Band.  
P., Kate Howard.
- 7608 Pansy Band.  
P., Nelly Love.
- 7609 Daisy Band.  
P., Mary L. Hubbard.
- 7610 Canary Band.  
P., Jeannette Dunlap.
- 7611 Russiaville, Ind.  
Public Schools.  
Lincoln Band.  
P., C. B. F. Clark.
- 7612 Tulip Band.  
P., Sallie Jeter.
- 7613 Violet Band.  
P., Delia Phillips.
- 7614 Busy Bees.  
P., Mrs. J. C. Carson.
- 7615 Staunton, Va.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Mrs. A. M. M. Fultz.
- 7616 Holyoke, Mass.  
Bay State Band.  
P., Dwight H. Dickerman.  
S., E. H. Lynds.

## A VALUABLE PARROT.

A man in Kalamazoo, Mich., has a parrot that he wouldn't sell for its weight in silver. On five different occasions has this intelligent bird saved the house from being burglarized. The last time was on a recent night. The burglar got the door unfastened, but when he opened it, the parrot asked in a stern and harsh voice, "Hullo, there! What's the matter?" The burglar didn't answer, but fell over himself in his desperate effort to get away.

LET STRANGE DOGS  
ALONE.

Don't handle, poke, push and pull them and then complain of being bitten. Mind your own business and the dog in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred will mind his.

"Our Dumb Animals has made its influence felt all over the land."  
—*Quaker City Independent.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## THE HUMMING BIRD'S NEST.

MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

Such a tiny bird's nest I never did see!  
As cunning and cosey as ever could be,  
Snuggly placed in the fork of a limb of a tree!  
It was covered with moss, and lined with soft  
down,  
And looked like a knot on the bark old and brown.  
But when we peeped into it what did we spy?  
Three baby humming-birds close as could lie,  
Cuddled together to keep themselves warm,  
Sleeping unconscious of fear or of harm.  
"How did they look?" Now you puzzle me  
quite,  
For each was such a wee birdie mite  
That you would have laughed at such a droll  
sight!  
Save their long, slender bills, they looked,—  
sure enough,—  
Like bumble-bees plump with their gay jackets  
off!  
In a few days they opened their black, beady eyes,  
And their slender bills uttered soft, chirping  
cries,  
Then their queer little bodies were covered with  
down;  
Next,—feathers,—green, blue, reddish, golden  
and brown.  
The dear little mother for long weary hours  
Kept them warm with her wings, or from the  
sweet flowers  
Gathered honey to feed them, while father-bird  
good  
Brooded them in her absence, and helped what  
he could.  
But I found,—when I looked on a bright autumn  
day,—  
The little nest empty; the birds flown away;—  
Gone to that land where the snows never come,  
And all through the winter the flowers are in  
bloom!



## A VERY KIND INTRODUCTION.

Did the reader ever see a dog perform the ceremony of introducing a human friend? The Listener has himself seen the thing done, in a way, but never so plainly and prettily as a friend of his lately witnessed it—the friend himself being the introduced “party.” The friend—call him Mr. J.—lives in Roxbury. For a near neighbor he has a man who keeps a carriage and also a fine setter dog. Mr. J. does not enjoy the acquaintance of the neighbor, but has come to be on *excellent terms of friendship with the dog*. Every day Mr. J.—sallies forth at about the same hour. Every day he meets the dog, whose salutations have gradually passed from mere friendly formalities to affectionate greetings. Yesterday, as Mr. J.—came out of his house, he found the dog—who always, when the carriage starts, goes circling about the horse’s head, barking with joy—waiting for him. The carriage, with the horse attached, stood waiting for its occupant. The dog at once came bounding up to J.—, and then went bounding back to the horse. He licked the horse on the nose, and came back to J.— again, and again returned to the horse, evidently laboring under the stress of something that he wanted to say or do. It was quite plain, in fact, that he was doing his best to introduce the man to the horse, and make them friends too. So J.—, whose big heart can include horses as well as dogs, yielded; he went up to the horse and patted its head and rubbed its nose. And then the dog’s satisfaction and gayety were simply inexpressible. He gyrated about until it seemed as if he were in danger of swallowing his own tail; and his affection both for the man and for the horse was plainly greatly increased by the consciousness that now they knew each other.

*It is astonishing, gentle reader, what a great deal of the joy of life a liking for animals will let us into.*—LISTENER, in *Boston Transcript*.

## FRIENDSHIP.

Some time ago, I used often to stay with a friend in Wiltshire, whose park is separated from the house by a lake which is about a hundred and fifty yards broad at the narrowest part. Being extremely fond of animals, I soon became intimate with two delightful dogs belonging to my hostess, a large collie, called Jasper, and a rough Skye terrier, Sandie. The pair were devoted friends, if possible always together. One afternoon I called them, as usual, to go for a walk, and making my way to the lake I determined to row across and wander about in the deer-park. Jasper at once jumped into the water and gaily followed the boat. Halfway across, he and I were both startled by despairing howls, and stopping to look back, saw poor little Sandie running up and down the bank and bitterly bewailing the cruelty of his two so-called friends in leaving him behind. Hardening my heart, I sat still in silence and simply watched. Jasper was clearly distressed. He swam round the boat, and looking up into my face said unmistakably with his wise brown eyes: “Why don’t you go to the rescue?” Seeing, however, that I showed no signs of intelligence, he made up his mind to settle the difficulty himself, so turned and swam back to forlorn little Sandie. There was a moment’s pause, I suppose for explanations, and then, to my surprise and amusement, Jasper stood still, half out and half in the water, and Sandie scrambled on his back, his fore-paws resting on Jasper’s neck, who swam across the lake and landed him safely in the deer park! I need not describe the evident pride of the one, or the gratitude of the other.—*Spectator*.

A bald-headed man who had heard that the hairs of a man’s head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers.



“SOME OF BLACK BEAUTY’S FRIENDS.”

[Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.]

## MY WINTER BOARDERS.

BY C. FANNIE ALLYN.

Some people keep in summer

A “Home” by ocean spray;

But I take winter boarders,

And find I make it pay.

I need no cups and saucers,

No glass or linen fine,

My blessed little boarders

Care not for tea or wine.

For meat they have no fancy,

But brown bread they think right,

They eat like “little Yankees,”

With hearty appetite.

I do not “set my table,”

I “set” my window-sills,

And strange enough that daily

They all “present their bills.”

They have no hour for breakfast,

They care not when they dine,

And if they have no supper,

They seem not to repine;

They never give me trouble,

For they are very shy;

I’ve learned, when they are eating

No one must venture nigh.

When hungry, they come rushing

On blinds and fences near,

As if to say “We’re ready,

If you will disappear;”

And even while they’re flying,

Their bright eyes seem to see;

Their evident thanksgiving

Is pay enough for me.

When summer takes them from me,

I miss them with regret,

So happy have they made me,

I think I’m in their debt.

If any one is gloomy,

Just advertise and say:

“WANTED, some birdie boarders,

Till winter goes away.”

And when they come, don’t let them

Find on your hats such things

As birdies’ heads, all useless,

Or helpless, cut-off wings.

And then you’ll find the secret

Of happiness and cheer

Is making others happy,

And starting heaven here.

## A WOMAN’S WIT.

Mrs. Irene Gillette of Buncombe, Wis. was tormented by the mare she usually drove switching her tail over the lines. It occurred to the lady that by fastening a small iron hook on the lower edge of the dashboard, if a phaeton, or the lower corner of a box buggy wagon, and by passing the line when caught under this hook and slightly pulling it, it would at once draw the line from beneath the tail, as the hook is so much lower than the line when caught. She had a blacksmith make her a pair (one for each side), and it proved such a success that the animal which troubled her so much has given up switching her tail over the line. Mrs. Gillette has applied for a patent.

## MILLIE’S BABIES.

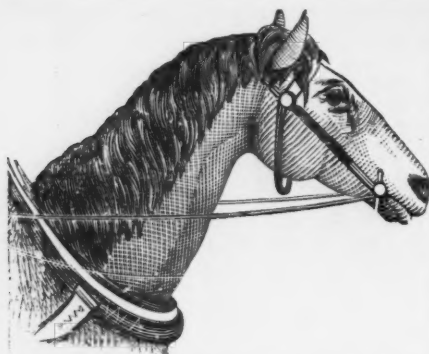
Six little timid kittens,  
Out in the cold alone,  
Their mother is always gadding about,  
And brings them not even a bone;  
She’s off in the morning early,  
She’s off till late at night,  
A mischievous, selfish old pussy,  
That never does anything right.

The kittens are always hungry,  
They’re too timid to catch a mouse,—  
And their mother is such an old gadder,  
They won’t keep her in the house.  
She never petted nor played with them,  
Nor washed them nice and clean,  
Such six little dirty faces  
I’m sure I have never seen.

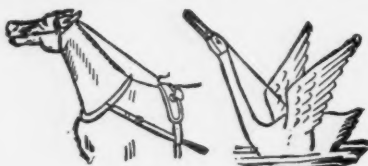
Six little sad, sad kittens,  
All sitting in a row,  
Cold, and hungry, and dirty  
From the tip of each nose to each toe.  
Twelve little ears and six little tails  
Hanging and drooping low,  
So out on the steps I found them,  
Sitting all in a row.

And Millie begged hard to keep them,  
And fed them and washed them so clean,—  
Such six bright cunning kittens  
I’m sure I have never seen.  
The boys laughed at Millie’s babies,  
She cares not a whit, would you?  
If she hadn’t adopted those kittens,  
What in the world would they do?

M. P. NOLAN, in *School and Home*.



Happy Horse—No Blinders or Check-Reins.



The overhead check-rein for the horse is refined and steady torture, not for the strain backward of the neck, but because the animal cannot see the ground on which he is stepping. The swaying of his head from side to side is evidence of his trying to find relief.—*Boston Transcript*.

#### Receipts by the Society in February.

Fines and witness fees, \$97.80.

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Mrs. Frances A. Wilson, \$50; Mrs. R. T. Paine, \$25; Mrs. Phineas Pierce, \$25; Mrs. Jno. E. Hudson, \$20; Mrs. M. M. Ainsworth, \$3; A Friend, \$25.

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Total, \$541.25.

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One thousand card placards nine inches by seven, containing the following notice, can be obtained free gratis at our offices, and we are glad to send them wherever we are sure they will be properly posted.

### THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I hereby offer TWENTY prizes of \$10 each, and FORTY prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts, by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street.

BOSTON, March, 1890.

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Total, \$180.19.

#### AMBULANCE.

James Garvey, \$4; S. & J. R. Lombard, \$2.50; J. K. Souther & Son, \$2.50; S. D. Warren, \$2.50; Harvard Vet. Hospital, \$2.50; Messrs. Jones, \$2.  
Total, \$16.00.  
Publications sold, \$156.59; Interest, \$170; Estate of Mrs. Eliza Sutton, \$1,000.  
Total, \$2,161.83.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.  
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.  
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.  
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.  
Zoophilist. London, England.  
Rhenish-Westphalian Journal. Cologne, Germany.  
Buffalo, N. Y. Annual Report of the Erie Co. S. P. C. A. for 1888-9.  
Rochester, N. Y. Annual Report of the Humane Society for 1889.  
Indianapolis, Ind. Second Annual Report of the Indiana Humane Society, for 1889.  
Philadelphia, Pa. Twenty-first Annual Report of the Women's Branch of the Penn. Soc. P. C. A., for 1889.  
Washington, D. C. Annual Report of the Washington Humane Society for 1889.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS. This monthly was the first exchange that came to our hands the other morning, and we read it through and through, and we could but confess it was the most satisfying half hour's reading we had had in a week. We felt better after reading it, and now as we come to think of it we think we were better for having read it. It contained lessons of reproof, mild and gentle, some mingled with thoughts and words of dear departed friends. We were softer and purer hearted when we finished it than we were when we began it. Readers, if you have not read it of late and been influenced by it, we advise you to write for a copy to the Boston office, directing to 'Our Dumb Animals.'—Burlington (Vt.) Independent.

Little flaxen hair: "Papa, it's raining." Papa, annoyed by work in hand: "Well, let it rain!" Little flaxen hair, timidly: "I was going to."

Flossie (age four): "Bobby, why do they call preachers doctors?" Bobby (a lad of considerable information): "'Cos they makes folks better."

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